THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D.”
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

LETTER I.

It has been observed, my dear S....., that eloquence is not the sole characteristic of the American senates; and I have had abundant reason to remark, that plain sense, strong judgment, ardent patriotism, predominate in the individual states, as in the national legislature. But that best ‘harmony of sweet sounds,’ the graceful and persuasive rhetoric, which thrills the nerves, and seizes upon the passions of the hearer, which charms, while it instructs, and seems to commiserate, even while it condemns—that must be looked for among a people, more ancient, more affluent, better defined, and more accurately defining than the unpatronised and self-taught individuals of the new hemisphere. If these observations be strictly applicable to the senatorial rank of the country, in considering another, and more accurately distinguished class of public speaking, forensic oratory, I am led to confess this appears to have been cultivated, with an assiduity, that indulges the hope, and speaks the promise of uniting, for its possessor, the luxury of wealth, with the aristocracy of power. In fact, this people, so tenacious of their rights, and so clear-sighted in their political jealousy, have permitted the individuals of the bench and the bar almost to monopolize the high and lucrative offices and endowments of the state, as of the national government. Thence, in my travels through the union, courts of law and justice have become the most important objects of my research, and the inevitable subjects of my impartial criticism. I have, indeed, marked the forensic talent of the nation, and found it of a description, wholly dissimilar to the prominent trait of senatorial dignity. I have heard eloquence, and discovered learning in the abodes of Themis, that might have stampt a new, and more sublime, character upon the American people. Whence, I have ceased to wonder at that influence and ascendancy, which the distinguished pre-eminence of its professors has merited and obtained.

Upon my first arrival in Boston, appearances were, to my view, greatly inauspicious. I found a large town, apparently devoted to trade, streets narrow, crooked, and not remarkably clean; fine houses, in wretched and almost inaccessible avenues, and commodious situations, disgraced by hovels. Such were the conspicuous features that met the first *coup d'oeil*. A further introduction taught me that these ill-situated mansions were the abode of hospitality, and within those humbler hovels oppression and misery were unknown. I recognized more of the old English whig, in the character of the Bostonians, than in any state in the union. Tolerating, liberal, and intelligent, yet marked by strong local prejudices, and inflexible animosities, while feeling freedom, and literally claiming independence, behind his counter the shopman inquires the news and arraigns the government; and the poorest mechanic reads the Gazette, reasons upon finance, and approves, or opposes, the diminution of taxes. Among this people, so congenial to the best portion of my own countrymen, inquiry has been forcibly awakened, and my anxious attention constantly occupied. Finding the supreme judicial court in session, I flew thither, with the solicitude of a mind, whose appetite for the new and the curious is never gratified to satiety. There I found talents, that were respectable, and genius, that was extraordinary; yet I must impartially acknowledge my astonishment at the general irregularity and inattention to *forms* that prevailed. Boys, just admitted as practitioners, were suffered, without reprimand from the bench, to indulge the vividness of their imagination, wandering, at will, through all the pleasant paths of romance, now pompous by soaring to bombast, then sinking to the pert simile, or the misapplied anecdote. Further, it was to be remarked of this generally respectable body, that their total inattention to the decorum of dress, and external distinction, must awaken in every foreigner some unpleasant sensations. The judges were dressed, or rather en déshabillé, in plain coats; and the apparel of the gentlemen of the bar was as diversified, as the proportions and faculties of their minds—an endless variety, from the excellent and extraordinary, to the mean and the flimsy. However the philosopher may pretend to despise mere external effects, men of the world must be sensible of their importance, as it regards the senses, and attaches to the understanding; for the ludicrous, which upon the present occasion is by no means applied, having a certain tendency to counteract respect, must, of necessity, arrest usefulness. Thence, I approve of a *costume* for all public characters, and think that the sanctity of an oath would be rendered more inviolable, under greater ceremony and solemnity, in the manner of its being administered. People without understanding, and destitute of the moral principle, may be influenced by their senses, and on their impression deterred from the commission of evil—Whence, allowing *mere forms* to be not intrinsically important, they are at least relatively good, respectable for their utility, and honourable in their observance.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF MICKLE.

[*Continued.*]

In his Dissertation, after acknowledging his obligations to Mr. Magellans, and other Portuguese gentlemen, Thomas Pearson, Esq. of the East-India Company's service, for books and information, he adds, ‘The approbation, expressed by several gentlemen of the East-India Company, on the appearance of the poem on the Discovery of India, gave the translator the greatest satisfaction. To governor Johnstone, whose ancestors have been the hereditary patrons of the ancestors of the translator, he is under all the obligations, which the warmest zeal to promote the success of his undertaking can possibly confer. To this gentleman, in a great measure, the appearance of the Lusiad in English is due. To the friendship of Mr. Hoole, the elegant translator of Tasso, he is peculiarly indebted. To James Boswell, Esq. he confesses many obligations. And while he thus recollects with pleasure the names of many gentlemen, from whom he has received assistance or encouragement, he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnson to the number of those, whose kindness for the man, and good wishes for the translator, call for his sincerest gratitude. Nor must a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith be neglected. He saw a part of this version; but he cannot now receive the thanks of the translator. The manner in which his grace the duke of Buccleugh took the English Lusiad under his patronage, infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance of the dedication.’

In a letter to Mr. Boswell, preserved in his ‘Life of Dr. Johnson,’ he says, ‘Before publishing the Lusiad, I sent Mr. Hoole a proof of that part of the introduction in which I make mention of Dr. Johnson, yourself, and other well-wishers to the work, begging it might be shown to Dr. Johnson. This was accordingly done, and in place of the simple mention of him which I had made, he dictated to Mr. Hoole the sentence as it now stands. Dr. Johnson told me in 1772, that about twenty years before that time, he himself had a design to translate the Lusiad, of the merit of which he spoke highly; but had been prevented by a number of other engagements.’ Dr. Johnson, it is said, afterwards recommended it to Goldsmith.

During the time which Mickle employed in this translation, he had no other means of subsistence, than what he received as corrector of the Clarendon press; and when he relinquished that situation, he had only the subscriptions he received for the work, to support him. The difficulties that so narrow an income must occasion, may be more readily conceived than described. But, looking forward with the enthusiasm of genius, he would not suffer difficulties that might have discouraged meaner minds, to obstruct his progress, or damp his ardour.

‘When, after five years unremitting attention,’ says the writer of the anecdotes of his life, ‘he had completed this great work, those friends who knew his circumstances, advised him to consider who would be the proper patron to whom he ought to dedicate such a poem. I am assured by one who lived with him in habits of great intimacy (the Rev. Mr. Sim, of Chenies, Bucks, formerly of St. Alban-Hall, Oxford) that Mr. Mickle had repeated intimations from unquestionable authority, informing him, that to several persons, then high in the India department, it would be very acceptable; that by the dedication of such a poem, as the Lusiad, they would think themselves highly honoured; that he might depend on a princely acknowledgment, and they therefore advised him to think of the most worthy. This counsel he was at first inclined to, but the advice of Commodore

Johnstone turned the scale, and it was dedicated to the duke of Buccleugh.'

'That he might omit,' says the writer of the account of his life, in the European Magazine, 'no prudential attentions to his future welfare, and with the hopes of reaping those advantages which usually attend so laborious a work, he applied to a person of great rank, with whom his family had been connected, for permission to dedicate it to him. 'The manner,' says the author, 'in which —— —— took the English Lusiad under his patronage, infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance.' The manner, as the author frequently told his friends, was 'by a very polite letter written with his own hand.' But let not indigent genius, in future, place too much expectation on the generosity of patrons. After receiving a copy, for which an extraordinary price was paid for the binding, days, weeks and months elapsed, without the slightest notice. During this time, though the author had too much spirit to solicit or complain, it is to be feared that some of the misery so feelingly described by Spenser, fell to his lot.

> Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
> What hell it is in suing long to bide; &c.

'At length a gentleman of rank in the political world, a fast and a firm friend to the author, and who afterwards took him under his protection, and by that means afforded him the independence he latterly enjoyed, waited on the patron, and heard with the indignation and contempt it deserved, a declaration, that the work was at that time unread, but had been represented not to have the merit it had been first said to possess; and therefore nothing could be then done on the subject of his mission. This paltry evasion, the solicitor declared, he believed arose from the malicious insinuations of a certain person about the patron, whose mistakes had received a proper correction in the preface to the Lusiad. We know not how true this suggestion may be, though, admitting the fact, it hardly alters the case. Mr. Mickle's account of this interview, in a letter to a friend, dated August 22, 1776, now lies before us, and we might probably do no disservice to the general interests of literature, were we to print it. We cannot, however, omit to suggest a doubt, whether there is not some small violation of moral rectitude, in a great man accepting from an indigent one, that compliment which is offered him, under, at least, an implied agreement, to receive some acknowledgment in return for the honour done him? It ought not to be concealed, that when the second edition of the Lusiad was published in 1778. Mickle was strongly recommended by a friend, to suppress the dedication. His resentment at the unworthy treatment he had received, had by this time been converted into contempt, and with great magnanimity he refused. Whoever will read the Life of Camoens, cannot avoid observing a striking similarity in the fortunes of the author and his translator, and he will probably not be displeased at the concluding note of the Lusiad. 'Similarity of condition, produced similarity of complaint and sentiment in Spenser and Camoens. Each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees of his age; yet both their names will live when the remembrance of the courtiers who spurned them 'shall sink beneath their mountain tombs.'

> 'Oh may that man that hath the muses scorn'd,
> Alive, nor dead, be ever of a muse adorn'd.'

'I believe,' says the writer of the anecdotes of his life, 'the person alluded to is Dr. Adam Smith, who was the professed admirer of Hume, to whom Mickle was a declared antagonist, and once intended to have written and published An Heroic Epistle from David Hume to Dr. Adam Smith, in which the doctor and his pupil would have been rather harshly treated. Many of the verses, he, at the time, repeated to a particular friend; but the poem was never completed.'

Such is the manner in which the dedication of the Lusiad was received, according to his biographers; who, in their indignation at the supposed neglect of his patron, seem not to have made sufficient allowance for the obligations his father was under to the family of Buccleugh. His examination of the popular arguments relative to the British commerce with India, in his Dissertation prefixed to the Lusiad, his 'favourite above all that he ever attempted in prose,' might displease the celebrated author of 'The Wealth of Nations,' who stood forth as the philosophical champion for the abolition of the monopoly of the English East-India Company; but it can hardly be supposed that the 'Epic Poem of Commerce,' a work that challenges the attention of the philosopher, the politician, and the gentleman, could be neglected by a nobleman, distinguished as much by his patriotism and benevolence, as his high rank and princely fortune, and whose love and patronage of literature and science, have obtained him the distinction of President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and enrolled his name among the Fellows of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons in that city.

In his dissertation prefixed to the Lusiad, after reflecting on the distressed situation in which Camoens was suffered to languish, he concludes his remarks with some stanzas, in the manner of Spenser, on the Neglect of Poetry, descriptive of what we may naturally conceive were his own fears for the fate of his translation. But poetry so splendid, so spirited, so harmonious, could not remain long unnoticed; and the applause of the public followed the appearance of the Lusiad in so high a degree, as soon to banish from his mind the momentary chagrin, which a few circumstances attending the publication had given birth to.

Notwithstanding the approbation with which the public had received his translation, by a letter to Thomas Caldecott, Esq. of the Middle Temple, who warmly patronised, and very essentially served him, while he was at Oxford, dated Forest Hill, December 20, 1778, it appears that he was by no means happy; and had projected an edition of his works by subscription, for which he had printed proposals: 'Besides the necessity which urges to this scheme, I am very desirous of giving an edition of my works, in which I shall bestow the utmost attention. Except on very popular or temporary subjects little or nothing is to be made of half crown publications, and this also inclines me to a quarto collection; which, perhaps, will be my final farewell to that blighted spot (worse than the most bleak mountains of Scotland) yclept Parnassus; for after this labour is finished, if governor J..... cannot, or does not, help me to a little independence, I will certainly bid adieu to Europe, to unhappy suspense, and, perhaps, also, to the chagrin of soul which I feel to accompany it.'

Previous to the publication of the Lusiad, he had been tempted to try his powers in dramatic composition, and wrote a tragedy, called the Siege of Marseilles, formed upon a story from the French history in the reign of Francis I. when the duke of Bourbon, at the head of a Spanish army, invaded his native country, and laid siege to Marsellies; which, with some recommendations from his literary friends, he transmitted to Garrick. The manager acknowledged, in a letter to a friend, that it contained many beautiful passages; but he added, that fine writing was not of itself sufficient to constitute a drama fit for public exhibition. Governor Johnstone, unwilling that the labour he bestowed on this work should be entirely lost, solicited the aid of Mr. Home, author of Douglas, to make some alterations. This was complied with, and the piece, after being inspected by Mr. Warton, was again submitted to the manager, and again rejected.

MISCELLANY.

HABITUDES AND CHARACTER OF THE DOG.

(From Goldsmith.)

OF all the canine tribe, the dog has every reason to claim the preference, being the most intelligent of all known quadrupeds, and the acknowledged friend of mankind. The dog, independent of the beauty of his form, his vivacity, force, and swiftness, is possessed of all those internal qualifications, that can conciliate the affections of man, and make the tyrant a protector. A natural share of courage, an angry and ferocious disposition, renders the dog, in its savage state, a formidable enemy to all other animals; but these readily give way to very different qualities in the domestic dog, whose only ambition seems the desire to please; he is seen to come crouching along, to lay his force, his courage, and all his useful talents, at the feet of his master; he waits his orders, to which he pays implicit obedience; he consults his looks, and a single glance is sufficient to put him in motion; he is more faithful even than the most boasted among men; he is constant in his affections, friendly without interest, and grateful for the slightest favours; much more mindful of benefits received, than of injuries offered; he is not driven off by unkindness; he still continues humble, submissive, and imploring; his only hope to be serviceable, his only terror to displease; he licks the hand that has just been lifted to strike him, and at last disarms resentment, by submissive perseverance.

More docile than man, more obedient than any other animal, he is not only instructed in a short time, but he also conforms to the dispositions and manners of those who command him. He takes his tone from the house he inhabits; like the rest of the domestics, he is disdainful among the great, and churlish among clowns. Always assiduous in serving his master, and only a friend to his friends, he is indifferent to all the rest, and declares himself openly against such as seem to be dependent like himself. He knows a beggar by his clothes, by his voice, or gestures, and forbids his approach. When at night, the guard of the house is committed to his care, he seems proud of the charge; he continues a watchful centinel, he goes his rounds, scents strangers at a distance, and gives them warning of his being upon duty. If they attempt to break in upon his territories, he becomes more fierce, flies at them, threatens, fights, and either conquers alone, or alarms those who have most interest in coming to his assistance; however, when he has conquered, he quietly reposes upon the spoil, and abstains from what he has deterred others from abusing; giving thus at once a lesson of courage, temperance, and fidelity.

From hence we see of what importance this animal is to us in a state of nature. Supposing, for a moment, that the species had not existed, how could man, without the assistance of the dog, have been able to conquer, tame, and reduce to servitude, every other animal? How could he discover, chase, and destroy, those that were noxious to him? In order to be secure, and to become master of all animated nature, it was necessary for him to begin by making a friend of a part of them; to attach such of them to himself by kindness and caresses, as seemed fittest for obedience, and active in pursuit. Thus, the first

art employed by man was in conciliating the favour of the dog; and the fruits of this art were, the conquest and peaceable possession of the earth.

The generality of animals have greater agility, greater swiftness, and more formidable arms, from nature, than man; their senses, and particularly that of smelling, are far more perfect. The having gained, therefore, a new assistant, particularly one whose scent is so exquisite, as that of the dog, was the gaining a new sense, a new faculty, which before was wanting. The machines and instruments which we have imagined for perfecting the rest of the senses, do not approach to that already prepared by nature, by which we are enabled to find out every animal, though unseen, and thus destroy the noxious, and use the servicesble.

The dog, thus useful in himself, taken into a participation of empire, exerts a degree of superiority over all animals, that require human protection. The flock and the herd obey his voice more readily even than that of the shepherd or the herdsman; he conducts them, guards them, keeps them from capriciously seeking danger, and their enemies he considers as his own. Nor is he less useful in the pursuit; when the sound of the horn, or the voice of the huntsman calls him to the field, he testifies his pleasure by every little art, and pursues with perseverance, those animals, which, when taken, he must not expect to divide. The desire of hunting is indeed natural to him, as well as to his master, since war and the chace are the only employment of savages. All animals that live upon flesh, hunt by nature; the lion and the tyger, whose force is so great, that they are sure to conquer, hunt alone and without art; the wolf, the fox, and the tiger dog, hunt in packs, assist each other, and partake the spoil. But when education has perfected this talent in the domestic dog, when he has been taught by man to repress his ardour, to measure his motions, and not to exhaust his force by too sudden an exertion of it, he then hunts with method, and always with success.

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[The following elegant and just satire, is from "THE CARAVANSERY," a periodical paper of uncommon merit, which occasionally appears in Dr. Park's valuable "Repertory."]

There is no art in which our public prints more excel, than in the art of puffing, and no part of the union, in which it is practised with more success, than in New England, and in this our beloved town of Boston. As in these eastern states, it is rare to meet with an uncommissioned private, since our very publicans are field-officers, so, if we give credit to our weekly journals, our minds too are of a gigantic stature, and tower far above the pigmy geniuses of Europe. In the opinion of certain enlightened editors, our men are wiser than Solomon, and our women more beautiful than Venus.

If in the house or senate, a speech unusually popular and impressive, is delivered, we find in the next paper, a high-flown panegyric, in terms similar to these: "Yesterday Mr. A. in the debate that took place in the house, delivered a speech, which far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of his warmest admirers. It united the torrent of Demosthenes with the splendid conflagration of Tully, and in short, is above all eulogy. We hope shortly to be able to gratify the public with this unrivalled specimen of reason and eloquence."

Should a series of periodical papers be collected and published in a volume, we are immediately informed, "The volume now for sale has the fairest claims to the palm of immortality. It comprises the genteel humour and easy elegance of Addison, the rich colouring of Hawkesworth, and the majestic energy of Johnson. We may now boast of a work that will establish the fame of American literature on an immoveable basis, and challenge the proudest productions of Europe."

Should a poem appear, however vicious in design, and defective in execution, the intrepid editor heroically asserts—"The world must now confess, that the muses have at length taken up their abode in Columbia. This poem vies with the happiest efforts of the European muse, in design and execution, and greatly excels all the bards of the old world in magnificence and originality of expression. The author, without flattery, may be styled the tenth muse."

So lavish, indeed, are our editors of their encomiums, that the death or marriage of the obscurest person in the community, seldom happens, without extravagant praises; as for instance—"Last Thursday was united in the bands of connubial bliss, Mr. C. Scavenger to the lovely and all-accomplished Miss D." Then follows a scrap of poetry, which, if it prove either rhyme or sense, the reader finds himself agreeably disappointed.

"Died last Wednesday, after a short illness, Dermot Tipperary, lemon-seller. The public have sustained an irreparable loss in this worthy Hibernian, as his lemons far excelled all others, in thinness of skin and delicacy of flavour. The selectmen, and other connoisseurs in punch, uniformly declared, that none squeezed with so much ease, or tasted so well; and the first ladies of our metropolis have been known to refuse lemonade, when not made with the lemons of Mr. Tipperary. We hope that all those who have been refreshed by his fruit, will not fail to attend his funeral, which will proceed from," &c. &c.

This custom of praising every one in the same strains of extravagant encomium, would be equally silly and harmless, did it not swell the vanity of the ignorant, and expose us to the ridicule of strangers. I was once informed by a British officer, who was taken prisoner with Burgoyne, that he was thus accosted by an honest Yankee, who was his centinel: "Well, I guess you are very glad you are taken, eh! You never fared so well before. Good salt pork and beef every day, and a power of sauce. Why, they tell me, that in Britain, the king and nobles eat up all the meat, and the rest of the folks live upon porridge and potatoes." The officer was amused with the simplicity of the honest fellow, and thinking it no easy matter to undeceive him, rather confirmed him in his error, leaving him highly elated with the imagined superiority of his country.

This vanity among the less informed part of our citizens, might lead us at times into a war, did not their love of money dread the expenses that would attend it. Thus, we are guarded against the consequences of one weakness, by the counteracting effects of another. Vanity is the most despicable of infirmities, and puffing generally injures those whom it intends to serve. When we find any one praised beyond his desert, our self-love takes the alarm, and leads us to inquire into his claims of superiority. On discovering that either as a speaker or a writer, he is but a mortal piece of mediocrity, our indignation is kindled against his insidious encomiast, and we feel inclined to detract even from the real merit he may possess.

An honest, but ill-informed citizen may think the Old South larger than St. Paul's, and the Mall superior to the Thuilleries. But men of sense should be above such prejudices, which are a perpetual bar to improvement, and expose us to the derision of foreigners. We are highly gifted as a nation, and inferior to none in proportion to our opportunities; and whilst all the world allow us to be six feet high, let us not quarrel with them, should they refuse to acknowledge us to be seven.

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MISERIES OF A RETIRED LIFE.

[*From the Sentimental Magazine*]

MR. EDITOR,

The advantages of retirement have been expatiated upon by many writers on moral topics, who very justly argue that it becomes a rational creature to devote some time to meditation upon past actions, of which he is to give an account, and to prepare for leaving a world, to which he is no more to return. All this is very easily comprehended, and the many other fine arguments in favour of retirement made a great impression upon me at one time. I should have been very happy, indeed, to have confirmed them by my own experience, had it not been for one little circumstance of considerable moment, in order to settle the question, namely, that after a long trial, I have found retirement impracticable.

In former days I was a tradesman in the city of London, and for many years carried on business with increasing prosperity. I may say, indeed, that every thing succeeded which I undertook; while others around me were driven by distress and disappointed speculations, by paper credit and accommodation bills, into the Gazette, I stood firm, and, upon 'Change, was universally reported to be a *good man*. From this character, you are not to wonder if I very rapidly passed into that of a *warm man*; and, in truth, having realized several thousand pounds, and advancing, at the same time, toward the down-hill of life, I began to be captivated by the beautiful descriptions presented to me of the happiness of retirement. Having few relations, to interfere with my inclinations, I met with no obstacles; I parted with my business, upon easy terms, to two industrious and faithful servants, who had lived some years with me, and deserved every return I could make; and having purchased a small freehold in the west of England, I bade an everlasting adieu to the bustle and noise, the smoke and confusion of a vast and overgrown metropolis.

It would be unnecessary to give you a particular description of my country residence; suffice it to say, that it was situated in a most pleasant vale, and possessed all those advantages which are so pompously, and often falsely, trumpeted forth by the auctioneers. Here I felt myself light as a bird that has escaped the confinement of its cage. Here I expected to enjoy the blissful transition from society to solitude, from care to ease, from vexation to tranquillity. But what are the hopes of man? I had not been here many weeks, before I discovered that something very essential was wanting to fill up the measure of my happiness, something which I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy; in one word, I wanted something to do. In the midst of retirement, my mind struggled for employment, and dragged me back to those days, when I knew not the misery of a vacant hour, and when every hour brought with it its pleasing anxieties or profitable engagements. Here were no employment, no calls, no avocations; here were no goods to look over and examine, no sales to attend, no custom-house business to be done, no attendance upon 'Change, no books to post, invoices to send, or bills to negociate. These had been the employment of my former life; and deprived of them, I had nothing upon which I could learn to fix my attention. 'It was very singular,' you will say, 'that all this never occurred to me before.' Yet nothing is more certain, than that no such idea ever entered my head, till I had leisure to look my situation in the face, and contemplate myself as a solitary helpless, and useless being.

It was now suggested to me, that however true this might be, yet it was no more than what

had happened to others. Gentlemen who retire are no longer to think of business; they are to partake of such sports and pleasures as the country affords, and lay up a stock of good health and spirits, prepare a vigorous old age, and bid defiance to care and time. This was bewitching language, and I listened to it with conviction; I entered with spirit into the views of my neighbours; but I soon found that the sports of the country are learnt with difficulty, and followed with a very bad grace by a mere man of London business, who has reached his grand climacteric. I had been all my life, even from my boyish days, an industrious plodder behind the counter and the desk; it could not, consequently, be very easy to transform one of my habits, into a man of pleasure, and a keen sportsman. The first lessons I took were miserably unsuccessful, and attended by consequences, more of a painful than pleasurable nature; my attempt to follow the hounds was attended by a dislocation of the shoulder, which laid me up for six weeks; and, in my first attack upon a covey of partridges, I put out my shoulder again by the recoil of my piece. These violent amusements, in short, were not suited to my taste or capacity, and too evidently interfered with my safety, to be followed longer. Fishing, therefore, was recommended as a more easy and secure diversion; and I was soon instructed in all the mysteries of baits, and hooks, and bites, and worms; but, as before I had too much exercise, here I had too little, and had very nearly fallen into the river, fast asleep; when I gave up this pursuit also.

It now came into my head, especially as winter approached, that reading would fill up my hours agreeably. I never had an aversion to reading, as far as I can remember of my early likings and dislikings; but I had always found so much employment in business apparently, and perhaps really more urgent, that, for many years, my reading was confined entirely to a newspaper, with an occasional peep into the London Directory or the Red Book; and such a chain of reasoning or narrative, as other books contain, was not familiar to me. I imputed this, however, merely to want of time; and that obstacle being now removed, I flattered myself that I should be able to increase the advantages of retirement, by storing my mind with food for reflection. Books were accordingly provided; but here, as in hunting, fishing, and fowling, all was new and untrodden ground. When I had completed my library, I discovered that my bookseller had not, and indeed could not, send me what I most wanted, a taste and habit of reading. My sleepy fits came on again, and there are few of the eminent writers of the present day (whatever they may think of their genius) whom I have not honoured with the approbation of a *nod*.

One resource was yet left. I now began to think that company would serve to divert me, and kill the heavy hours: for that purpose I cultivated the acquaintance of an extensive neighbourhood. My wealth, and I hope, my manners, which were at least inoffensive, procured me an easy introduction into many agreeable families. But here too, I was doomed to experience the misfortune of having gone through life with one stock of ideas, and that a very small one, 'of no use to any person but the owner.' The conversation of my friends turned upon subjects with which I was totally unacquainted. Now and then, when the newspaper came in, I could expatiate upon London politics, and the comparative merits of many great London politicians. But this could not last long: my stock of politics was the smallest of all my property, and I was too far from Guildhall, or St. Stephen's Chapel, to procure a fresh supply. During the greater part of my visits, I was condemned to hear long debates on subjects foreign to my understanding. The state of wheat, barley, and oats; the modes of rearing and feeding cattle; the farm-yard and the dairy; the cutting down of timber, and the planting of potatoes, were often discussed with great warmth, and at great length: but all was unintelligible to me; nor could I find a man in the whole parish, who understood any thing about nainsooks and bandannoes, soosayes and taffeties, and calimancoes, muslinets or dimities. I began to have a very indifferent opinion of their capacities; I believe they had none of mine, and it was more than once whispered in my hearing, that, 'your Londoners know nothing out of the sound of Bow bells.'

In this uncomfortable situation I remained for nearly two years; my health became affected from the lowness of my spirits, and the indolence of my habit; and I know not what might have been the consequence, if I had not, at length, taken the resolution to revisit society again. I am now most happily and comfortably placed as a partner in that very house, to which I once bade adieu, as I thought, forever. I trust I am now cured of a passion for retirement; but as I perceive many of my acquaintances listening to the representations which once deceived me, I am desirous, by your insertion of this letter, to warn them against the error. Few men of any description are qualified to enjoy retirement, or to render it salutary. Men of mere business are the least of all so. Their habits, tempers, and talents, are all disqualifications of an insuperable kind. Active employments, connected with fair and honest advantages, may prolong their days in health and comfort; but to exchange bustle for idleness, without the power to render idleness harmless, is a desperate attempt; and it is extreme folly, at the decline of life, to barter that which may be depended upon, for that which is uncertain, in the highest possible degree.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

THOMAS KERSEYMERE.

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[Volney's Travels in America have just appeared in an American dress. This fantastic foreigner thus describes the *diet* of the North American, who will doubtless be offended at the presumption of the philosopher, for saucily animadverting on the *melted butter*, the *hot bread*, the *viscid puddings*, and other happy and healthful particulars in the *simple* cookery of our innocent republicans, who are blest with such complying constitutions, that, it is well known, they can *swallow* and *digest* any thing.]

It is an important duty of the government to enlighten their people, as to the consequences of that pernicious diet, which they have borrowed from their ancestors, the Germans and English. We may venture to affirm, that if a premium were offered for a regimen most destructive to the teeth, the stomach, and the health in general, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among this people.

At breakfast, they deluge the stomach with a pint of hot water, slightly impregnated with tea, or slightly tinctured, or rather coloured, with coffee; and they swallow, almost without mastication, hot bread, half baked, soaked in melted butter, with the grossest cheese, and salt or hung beef, pickled pork or fish, all which can with difficulty be dissolved.

At dinner, they devour boiled pastes, called, absurdly, puddings, garnished with the most luscious sauces. Their turnips and other vegetables are floated in lard or butter. Their pastry is nothing but a greasy paste, imperfectly baked. To digest these various substances, they take tea, *immediately after dinner*, so strong that it is bitter to the taste, as well as utterly destructive of the nervous system. Supper presently follows, with salt meat and shell-fish in its train. Thus passes the whole day, in heaping one indigestive mass upon another. To brace the exhausted stomach, wine, rum, gin, malt spirits, or beer, are used with dreadful prodigality.

These modes of diet are not unsuitable to the Tartarian tribes, from whom the people of the west of Europe were originally descended, yet they employ none of these pernicious stimulants. Their wandering and *equestrian* life makes them capable of digesting any thing; but when nations change their climate, or sink into the wealth, refinement, and ease of a stationary people, the whole mass undergoes material alterations. The ploughmen of Germany or England may copy their hardy ancestors without much inconvenience; but not so those that dwell in cities, and pass their time in a slothful or sedentary manner, and still less those who change the chills and damps of their native climate for a torrid region, like Georgia or the Carolinas. Habit itself, though almost omnipotent, cannot reconcile this system to so repugnant a climate. Hence it is, that the English are the least able to contend with the evils of tropical climates, of any people of Europe, and their American descendants must abjure the example, or they will incur the same inconveniences.

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ON LIFE—AN ALLEGORICAL VISION.

(From a British Essayist.)

A gentle ascent led to a lofty eminence, and on the summit, was a level plain, of no great extent. The boundaries of it could not indeed easily be ascertained; for as the ascent, on one side, was easy and gradual, so the slope on the other continued almost imperceptible, till it terminated at once in abrupt declivity.

At the first entrance of the hill, I observed great numbers of infants, crawling on beds of primroses, or sleeping on pillows formed by the moss. They frequently smiled, and their sweet countenances seemed to express a complaceney and joy in the consciousness of their new existence. Many indeed wept and wailed, but their sorrow, though pungent, was short, and the sight of a pretty leaf or flower would cause a smile in the midst of their tears; so that nothing was more common than to see two drops trickling down cheeks which were dimpled with smiles. I was so delighted with the scenes of innocence, that I felt an impulse to go and play with the little tribe, when just as I was advancing, I felt a wand gently strike my shoulder, and turning my eyes on one side, I beheld a venerable figure, with a white beard, and in a grey mantle elegantly thrown around him.

'My son,' said he, 'I see your curiosity is raised, and I will gratify it; but you must not move from this place, which is the most advantageous spot for the contemplation of the scene before you.

'Yon hill is the Hill of Life, a pageant which I have raised by the magic influence of this wand, to amuse you with an instructive picture.

'The beauteous innocents, whom you see at the foot of the hill, present you with the idea of angels and cherubs, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Simplicity and innocence are their amiable qualities, and the more of them they retain in their ascent, the happier and lovelier shall they be, during the rest of their journey.

'But raise your eyes a little. You see a lively train intent to learn, under the sage instructors who accompany them, the easiest and safest way of ascending and descending the hill which lies before them. They often run from the side of their guides, and lose themselves among the shrubs that blossom around them. Some give no ear to instruction, and consequently are continually deviating among thorns, thistles, nettles, and brambles. Their errors are at present re-

trievable, and few fall in the pitfalls with which the hill abounds. Joy illuminates their countenances. Theirs are the ruddy cheek, the sparkling eye, lively spirits, and unwearied activity. They retain a great share of the innocence with which they set out, and therefore they are cheerful. Enviable age, if reason were mature! But folly, wantonness, frowardness of temper, and ignorance, greatly interrupt and spoil their enjoyments. Fruits of delicious taste grow around them, and flowrets of the sweetest scent and most beautiful colour, spring up beneath their feet. But they soon grow tired of this lower part of the hill, and ambitiously aspire at higher eminences.

'Behold them a few paces higher. They advance with eagerness, and many of them forsake the guides which have conducted them thus far in their ascent. They hasten in their course, nor do they adhere to the direct road, but deviate without scruple. Some indeed return, but the greater part climb the hill by paths of their own choice, full of difficulty and danger. The pitfalls, which are placed in every part of the hill, are in this part very numerous, and not easy to be avoided by those who forsake the high road. There are indeed no parts of the hill, in which a guide is more necessary than here; nor any, in which the travellers are less inclined to seek his assistance.

'You see the beauty of the blossoms. You hear the music of the birds. All nature seems to conspire in affording delight; but too many of the travellers preserve not that innocence and simplicity which are necessary to give a taste for the pleasures which are allowed. Instead of plucking the flowers which are known to be safe and salutary, they desire none but such as are poisonous. The aspiring ardour of the travellers urges them to continue the ascent, and by this time, you see, they have reached the level summit, where you observe a prodigious crowd, all busy in pursuit of their several objects. Their faces are clouded with care, and in the eagerness of pursuit they neglect those pleasures, which lie before them. Most of them have now lost a great share of their original innocence and simplicity, and many of them have lost it entirely.

'And now they begin to descend. Their cheerfulness and alacrity are greatly abated. Many limp, and some already crawl. The numbers diminish almost every step; for the pitfalls are multiplied on this side of the hill, and many of the travellers have neither strength nor sagacity to avoid them. Many delightful scenes remain. Fruit in great abundance grows around them. But the greater part, you may remark, are careless of the obvious and natural pleasures, which they might reach and enjoy, and are eagerly digging in the earth for yellow dust, on which they have placed an imaginary value. Behold one who has just procured a load of it, under which he is ready to sink. He totters along, in haste to find a hiding-place for it; but before he has found it, himself is hidden from our eyes, for lo! while I speak, he is dropping into a pitfall. Most of his companions will follow him; but you see no one is alarmed by the example. The descent is become very steep and abrupt, and few there are who will reach the bottom of the hill. Of those few not one advances without stumbling on the edge of the pitfalls, from which he can scarcely recover his feeble foot. Ah? while I speak, they are all gone.'

And is this a picture of life? said I; alas! how little do the possessors of it seem to enjoy it! Surely some error must infatuate them all. O say, what it is, that I may avoid it, and be happy.

'My son,' said my benevolent guide, 'do not hastily form an opinion derogatory from the value of life. It is a glorious opportunity, afforded by the Creator, for the acquisition of happiness. Cast your eyes on yonder plain, which lies at the bottom of the hill, and view the horizon.'

I looked, and lo! a cloud tinged with purple and gold, parted in the centre, and displayed a scene, at which my eyes were dazzled. I closed them awhile, to recover the power of vision, and when I opened them, I saw the figure of a person in whom majesty and benevolence were awfully united. He sat on a throne with every appearance of triumph, and at his feet lay a cross. And I heard a voice saying, 'Come again, ye children of men.' And lo, the plain opened in more places than I could number, and myriads of myriads started into existence, with bodies beautiful and glorious. And the voice proceeded, 'In my Father's house are many mansions. Ye have all fallen short of the perfection for which ye were created; but some have been less unprofitable servants than others, and to them are allotted the more exalted places of bliss; but there remain mansions appropriated to all the sons of men. I have redeemed the very worst of them from the tyranny of death. Rise, therefore, to your respective mansions. Enter into the joy of your Lord.' He said; when the sound of instruments sweeter than the unpurged ear ever heard, rang throughout Heaven's concave. And the glorified bodies beneath rose like the sun in the east, and took their places in the several planets, which form what is called our solar system. I was transported with the sight, and was going to fall on my knees, and supplicate to be admitted among the aspiring spirits, when, to my mortification, I thought I was suddenly placed on the side of the hill, where I had to climb a steep ascent. I wept bitterly, when my guide remonstrated with me on the unreasonableness of my tears, since none were to be admitted to glory, who had not travelled the journey which I had seen so many others travel. 'Keep innocence,' said he, 'do justice, walk humbly.' He said no more, but, preparing to depart, touched me with his rod, and I awoke.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In tumbling over some musty manuscripts, I lately met with one, which seems to merit a better fate than to be buried in 'the dull obscuritie, to which its author consigned it. It is written in the Latin language, and is entitled, 'Poemata, Autore Johanem Hall;' but your readers will, no doubt, rejoice to learn, that it has been 'lately translated out of its primitive idiom, by the care and studie of R. Buttersby.' The dedication by Mr. Hall is dated at 'St. Johns, 1646.' The writing of that age is so much disfigured by absurd contractions, that I have been obliged to exert no small degree of 'care and studie,' to exhibit a correct copy of Mr. Buttersby's version. My trouble, however, will be amply remunerated, if the enclosed satire shall afford any assistance to you, or contribute to the entertainment of your readers.

Notwithstanding much industry of research, the following are the only particulars I have been able to learn of this *ancient gentleman*.

JOHN HALL, a poet of distinguished learning, was born at Durham, in August, 1627. At St. John's college, where he received a part of his education, he was esteemed one of its brightest ornaments. From this place he removed to Gray's Inn, London, and was shortly after called to the bar; but entering into the politics of those factious times, he attracted the notice of Parliament by his writings, and was accordingly sent into Scotland, to attend 'a zealot of rebellion,' Oliver Cromwell. He was afterwards distinguished by other marks of favour, which evince the sense that was then entertained of his abilities. Unfortunately he was too much addicted to pleasure, and he fell a sacrifice to his too great indulgence in it, on the 1st day of August, 1656. In 1646, during his residence at Cambridge, he published 'Horae Vacivae,' or Essayes, which are themselves a sufficient proof of his talents. In the same year, when he was but nineteen, his poems were published. He has the honour of being the first English translator of Longinus; his version entitled, 'The Height of Eloquence,' was published in London, 1652, in 8vo. He also translated from the Greek 'Hierocles upon the golden verses of Pythagoras,' prefixed to which is an account of himself, by John Davis, of Kidwelly by whom it was published in 1657, 8vo. Several of his poems are preserved in the 'Select Collection,' reprinted from a little volume, which is now become exceedingly scarce. A number of them may also be found in the second part of Cleiveland's works, 8vo. 1687.

In the Satire which I send, will be discerned much originality of thought, expressed in very nervous, if not poetical language. The unfortunate delusion, which bewildered the minds of the fanatics of that day, occasioned an inundation of pamphlets, as devoid of truth as they were of sense. Against the mischievous tendency of these works, it appears, our author directed the force of his satire, but whether with as much success as our modern satirist, I am unable to learn. Gifford enjoys a glorious triumph, in which he has not been equalled by any writer, either of ancient or modern days.

SEDLEY.

SATIRE I.

Pray let me alone—what do you think can I
Be still, whilst pamphlets they like hailstones fly
About mine ears? Ah! how every other day
Such huge gigantic volumes doth display,
As great Knockfergus self could hardly bear,
Though he can on his knee th'Ale-standard rear,
To see such paper tyrants reign, who press
Whole harmless reams to death, which not the less
Are dog'd by worser fates; tobacco can
Calcind them soon to dust, the dripping pan,
Pack them to the dunghill, if they Groc'ry meet,
They do the office of a winding-sheet:—
How better were it for you to remain
(Poor squires!) in ancient rags, than thus sustain
Such antick forms of tortures; than to lie
In sweating tubs, and thus unpitied fry
I'are common drudges of the world; if i'France
A pedant mend his shoes, you must advance
To France forthmeet, and there demurely stand,
Cloth'd in old fustian rags, and shake the hand
With every greasy Dutchman, who, perhaps,
Puts you in the self-same pocket with his scraps;
Or if you into some blind convent flee,
Y'are inquisition'd strait for heresie,
Unless your daring frontispiece can tell
News of a relic, or brave miracle;
Then are you entertain'd, and desk'd up by
Our lady's psalter, and the rosary;
There to remain, till it their wisdoms please
To let you loose among the novices.
But if you light at court, unless you can
Audaciously claw some young nobleman,
Admire the choycest beauties of the court,
Abuse the countrie parson, and make sport,
Chalke out set formes of compliments, and tell
Which fashions on which bodies might do well,
No surer paints my ladie, than you shall
Into disgrace irrevocably fall.
But if you melt in oily lines, and swell
With amorous deepe expressions, and can tell
Quaint tales of lust, and make antiquitie
A patron of blacke patches, and deny
That perrucks are unlawful, and besaint
Old Fesoboll, for shewing how to paint;
Then th'art my golden book, then must thou lie
Adorn'd in plush, or some imbroidery,
Upon her lady-ships own couch, where ne're
A booke with tashs religion dare appear.
Thus may ye wretched shreds comply and bend
To every humour, or your constant friend,
The stationer, will never give you room,
Y'are younger brother's volumes from home.
Yet to speak truly, 'tis your most deserts
To run such various hazards, and such twarts;

Suppose ye with the world is peopled, now
With cockneys or old women, that allow
Canon to every fable; that can soon
Persuade themselves the asse drunk up the moon,
That faries pinch the peccant maides, that pies,
Do ever love to picke a witche's eies,
That monsieur Tom Thumb on a pin's point lay,
That Pictres food the devill nine times a day.
Yet such authentique stories do appeare
In no worse garb than folio, and still beare
No meaner garb * than Aristotle's name,
Or else descent from reverend Plinie claim;
One in a humour gives great Homer the lie,
And pleases to annihilate poor Troy;
Another scourges Virgill 'cause 'tis said
His fiction is not in due order laid:
This will create a monster, this will raise
A ne'er found mountain, this will pour out seas.
This great Camillus to a reckoning calls,
For giving so much money to the Gauls.
This counts, how much the state of Egypt made
Of frogs that in the slime of Nilus laid,
Wee'l not digest those gudgeons, the world is now
At age, if't do not toward dotage grow,
That starch't out beard that sits in Porphyrie chayre,
And but for crowns light-headed, cannot bear.
Barthius has read all books, Jos. Scaliger
Proportion'd lately the diameter.
And the circle Galilles found,
Though not drunke, thinking that the earth ran round,
Tycho has tumbled down the orbs, and now
Fine tenuous ayre doeth in their places grow.
Maurolycus at length has cast it even,
How many pulses journey 'tis to heaven,
A world of such knacks, we know think ye then
Sooner to peep out, than to be kick't from men;
Whether ye gallop in light rithmes, or chose
Gently to amble on in a York-shire prose;
Whether ye bring some ill-digested news
From Spanish surgeons, or Italian stews;
Whether ye furiously raise som false alarm,
And in a rage the Janisaries arme;
Whether ye reinforce old times, and con
What kind of stuffe Adam's first suit was on;
Whether Enos' toes had corns; or whether he
Did cut his beard spade-wise, or like a I:
Such brokage as is this will never do't,
Wee must have matter and good words to boot.
And yet how seldom meet they? most of rithmes
Rally in tunes, but speake no sense like chimes,
Grave deepe discourses full as ragged be,
As are their author's doublets, you'll not see
A word creepe in that cannot quickly shew
A genealogie to th'Arke of Noe,
Or at the least pleads not prescription
From that great cradle of confusion:
What pamplet is there? where some Arabick
Scours not the coast? from whence you may not pick
Some Chinese character or mystic spell,
Whereon the criticks for an age may dwell,
Where there's some sentence to be understood,
As hard to find as where old Athens stood.
Why do we live, why do our pulses beat?
To spend our bravest flames, or nobler heat
On such poor triffles? to enlarge the day
By gloomy lamps, yet for no other pray
Than a moath-eaten Radix, or to know
The fasnion of Deucalion's shoe,
It will not quit the cost, that men should spend
Themselves, time, money, to no other end:
That people should with such a deale of pains,
Buy knowing nothing, and wise men's disdains?
But to prevent this, the more knowing sort
Of parents will to handicrafts resort,
If they observe their children do produce
Some fla-hings of a mounting genius,
Then must they with all diligence invade
Some rising calling, or some gainful trade;
But if it chance they have one leaden soule,
Born for to number eggs, he must to school,
'Special if some patron will engage
Th' advowson of some neighbouring vicarage;
Strange hedly medley! who would make his swine,
Turn grey hounds, or hunt foxes with his kine.
Who would employ his saddle-nag to come,
And hold a trencher in his dining-room!
Who would engage our James, that knows not what
His cassock's made of, in affairs of State?
Or pluck a Richelieu from the helm, to try
Conclusions, to still children, when they cry?
Who would employ a country schoolmaster,
To construe to his scholar some new found star?
Your leaden creatures yet shap'd out to rule
Perpetual dictators in a school,
Nor do you want your rods, though only fed
With scraps of Tully and coarse barley-bread:

Great thread-bare princes, which like chesse-knigthts
No longer than your master gives you leave, [brave
Whose large dominions in some brew-house lies.
Asses commands over you, you ever boies,
Who still possesse the lodgings next the leads,
And cheat your ladies of their waiting-maids.
Who, if some lowly carriage do befriend,
May grace the table at the lower end,
Upon condition, that ye fairly rise
At the first entrance of the potatoe-pies.
And when his lordship for discourse doth call,
You do not let one dram of Latin fall,
But tell how bravely your young Mr. swears,
Which boy best likes his fancy, and what;
How much he undervalues learning, and
Takes pleasure in a sparrow-hawk well mann'd;
How oft he beats his foot-boy, and will dare
To gallop when no serving-man is neare;
How he black-berries from the bushes caught,
When antidoted with a morning's draught;
How rather than he'll construe Greek, he'll chuse
To English Ovid's Arté into prose:
Such talke is for his lordship's palate, he
Takes much delight in such like trumperie,
But still remember ye, forbeare to presse
Unseasonably som morall sentences,
Take heed by all means how rough Seneca
Sally into your talke, that man, they say,
Rails against drinking healths, and merits hate,
As sure as Ornis mock't a graduate,
What a grand ornament your gentry would
Soon lose, if every rug-gown might be bold
To rayle at such heroick feates! pogy who
Could honour's mistress health, if this grow
Once out of fashion! 'las fine idols they
Ere since poore Cheapside crosse in rubbidge lay,
Ere since the play-houses did want their praises,
And players lay asleepe like dormouses,
Have suffred too much, be not so soone
With tender beauties, they had once some power,
Take that away, what do you leave them? what?
To marshall fancies in youngsters' hats.
And well so too, since feathers were cashier'd,
The ribbands have been to some office rear'd.
'Tis hard to meet a hampressado, where
Some ells of fancies do not straight appear
Plaister'd and bedaub'd o'er, and garnish'd,
As feathers in a southern hackney's head,
Which, if but tied together, might at least
Trace Alexander's conquest o'er the east.
Or stich't into a loop, supply anew
With annuary cloakes the wandering Jew.
So learn'd an age we live in, all ere now
Turn'd poets, since their heads with fancies glow.
'Las! poets! yes, o bear me witnesse all
Short-winded balades, or whate'er might fall
Within the verge of three half quarters, say,
Produce we not more poems in a day,
[By this account] than waves on waves do brake,
Or country justices false English speake:
Suppose dame Julia's Messet thinks it meet
To droop or hold up one of 'ts hinder-feet,
What swarmes of sonnets rise! how every wit
Capers on such an accident, to fit
Words to her faireship's griefe? but if by fates
Some long presumptuous slit do boldly grate
Don Hugo's doublet, there's a stir, as though
Nile should his ancient limits overflow,
Or some curst treason would blow up the state,
As sure as gamesters ever to rise too late,
But if some fortune cogge them into love,
In what a fifteeath spheare then do they move?
Nor the least tittle of a word is set
That is not flanckt with a short epithet.
What rocks of diamonds presently arise,
In the soft quagmires of two squinting eyes,
How teeth discoulour'd, and half rotten too,
Transformed into pearle or ivorie.
How every word's changed to a finest note:
And Indian gummes are planted in her throat.
Speake in good earnest; are they not worse than boys
Of four years old, to dote on painted toyes?
Yet, oh how frequent! most our sages shake
Off their old furres, and needs with lawrells take.
That it will be no wonder to rehearse
The crabbiest of geometrie in verse:
Or from the dust of knotty Sawrer see
A strange production of some poetrie:
But stay, too lavish muse, where run you—stay,
Take heed, your tongue licke not your teeth away,
Besides ye have other bus'nesse, and you might
More fitly far with teares than gall endight.

* Hiatus.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

The Rev. W. Lisle Bowles is supposed, by the best judges, to have imitated Petrarch in that difficult composition, a Sonnet, more successfully than John Milton, or Charlotte Smith. The following, addressed to a pastoral stream, the pride of Caledonia, is soothing, both to the ear and the heart. The seventh and eighth lines are enlivened by a thought singularly happy; and the whole is a high finished picture of romantic scenery, which will always delight the rural enthusiast.

SONNET TO THE RIVER TWEED.

O Tweed, a stranger, that with wandering feet
O'er hill and dale has journied many a mile,
If so his weary thoughts he might beguile,
Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.
The waving branches, that romantic bend,
On thy late banks a soothing charm bestow;
The murmurs of thy wand'ring wave below,
Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.
Delightful stream! though now along thy shore,
When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more,
Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,
Far from the stormy world's tumultuous soar,
To muse upon thy banks, at eventide.

The following is of the same character.

Clysdale, as thy romantic vales I leave,
And bid farewel to each retiring hill,
Where fond attention seems to linger still,
Tracing the broad bright landscape; much I grieve,
That, mingled with the toiling crowd, no more
I may return, your varied views to mark,
Of rocks, amid the sunshine, tow'ring dark,
Of rivers winding wild, and mountains hoar,
Or castle, gleaming on the distant steep.
For this a look back on thy hills I cast,
And many a soften'd image of the past,
Pleas'd I combine, and bid remembrance keep,
To sooth me with fair views, and fancies rude,
When I pursue my path in solitude.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Mr. Harris has issued proposals, for publishing the Journal of his Tour in the Territory North West of the Allegany Mountains; to be illustrated with Maps and Views. The prospectus leads us to expect much topographical information respecting an interesting part of our conntry, of which there have been published only vague and exaggerated accounts; with some curious particulars of the appearance, dimensions, and, probable, history, of the prodigious forts and pyramidical mounds on the banks of the Muskingum and Scioto—'the solitary evidences of a great population in some remote, forgotten period.'

It is hoped, that a work so valuable and curious, will be favoured with the most liberal patronage.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

MANSION HOUSE.

COFFEE HOUSE ROBBERY.

Yesterday John Simpson, a gay, fashionably dressed young man, seemingly about twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, was charged, before the Lord Mayor, with having robbed several coffee houses and hotels, for some months past, and for whose apprehension a reward of twenty pounds had been advertised by the Society to prevent swindling.

Mr. Fathers, of the Guildhall coffee house, gave in evidence, that the prisoner came into his coffee house on Thursday night, about ten o'clock, and ordered supper and a bed for the night. A waiter from the city coffee house, Cheapside, who happened soon after to call upon business, seeing the prisoner, informed the witness, that he was the person who, about two months ago, had robbed them of property to the amount of sixteen pounds. Upon looking more directly at the prisoner, Mr. Fathers discovered him to be the man, who, about three months

since, had slept in his house, and robbed a Mr. Watson, from Glasgow, of linen and other articles, to a considerable value, for which Mr. F. had paid six pounds. There not being an officer at hand, the prisoner was allowed to go to bed, when he was secured. Upon searching his person, there were found upon him a curious instrument for opening trunks, drawers, &c. so constructed as, by a gentle pressure of the hand, to yield a purchase equal to 200 weight; also a bunch of skeleton keys. When taken to the Poultry Compter, the waiter of the city coffee house identified the shag small-clothes worn by the prisoner, to be those stolen from a gentleman in their house. The prisoner had the address afterwards to change them for nankeen pantaloons, but after a strict search, they were found in the prison. The master of the New Hummums proved the prisoner's coming to his house, and, from his genteel appearance, procuring a bed there, on the 12th instant, pretending he had come from the gala at Vauxhall, but he decamped in the morning, carrying with him a gold watch and two pocket-books, the property of a gentleman who slept in the next room. The number of the watch, and maker's name were produced, which exactly corresponded with those of the gold watch found in the prisoner's possession. Upon being asked from whom he obtained the watch, who he was, and how he got his living? he said that he had the watch from a Jew, in exchange for clothes: that he was an officer of His Majesty's ship Victory, but had not yet joined her; that he had served on board the Isis, of fifty guns, and that he was a gentleman.

To carry on his schemes with more security, he always paid his bill before he went to bed; and never gave his boots or shoes to be cleaned, pretending that he was a member of some volunteer corps, and must go early to drill.

Mr. Eaton, the solicitor for prosecuting swindlers accompanied by several keepers of coffee houses, attended, but the examination being then over, the additional charges were not preferred, and the prisoner was committed for further examination.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The friends of the late Dr. Linn perceive with pleasure that proposals have been issued, by John Conrad and Co. of this city, for publishing, by subscription, 'A narrative Poem, founded on some events, in early Christian History, and designed, in part, to illustrate the effects of religion on the manners of barbarous nations.' An additional value is conferred on this posthumous work, by the promise of a Biography of its amiable and ingenious author. This we know will be written by a Man of Letters, abundantly well qualified for the task, and not only intimate with the deceased Poet, but with all the beauties of fine writing. We wish this work brilliant success, because we have always viewed the character of the author with respect, and because the profits of the publication are destined for his bereaved family, who, from merit, as well as from misfortune, are entitled to the benevolence of every liberal spirit.

—

Messrs. Poyntell and Co. of this city, propose to put to press immediately, Lord Teignmouth's Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Correspondence of Sir WILLIAM JONES. This delightful Biography of a most learned Scholar, not more remarkable for the wonderful extent, and variety of his talents, than for the consummate diligence with which he exercised, and the noble use to which he applied, them, will, we venture to predict, be perused with greater interest than any work of the class since the publication of Boswell's Johnson. We have studied it with the most eager curiosity, and with continued satisfaction; and it is our duty to recommend it to every polite scholar, who is willing to be incited and encouraged in the race for literary renown, by the glorious example of Sir W. Jones, who, in the well-balanced words of his elegant Biographer, was equally qualified to explore the beauties of nature, the works of art, the discriminations of character, and the productions of science.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

CUPID AND FOLLY.

Imitated from Fontaine.

In Cupid all is mystery—
His wings, his torch, his quiver, and his bow;
The god's strange tricks and history,
But few can say they know.
For me, I own myself, as well I may,
In love's nice arts a novice quite—
And only mean to tell you in my way,
By what mishap the urchin lost his sight;
Whether his blindness has improv'd our lot,
The lover must decide—for I cannot.
Folly and Cupid were one day,
Engag'd in friendly game at play—
Observe, the last had then his sight,
And co 'd discern the day from night;
They soon, for children will be jarring
Contrive to find a cause of sparring.
Cupid, mild in disposition,
And seeing her a strapping wench,
Suggests to bring it for decision,
Before thuir godships on the Bench;
But Folly heeds not right or wrong,
She pertly cries, with flippant tongue,
"How dare you, child, contend with me?"
Then with many a scratch she greets him,
And at length so soundly beats him,
That he could neither walk nor see.
When Venus views her darling boy,
Her love, her sweet, her only joy,
In such a plight—she fills the skies
With threats and screams, and clam'rous cries:
Think—she, was woman, and was mother,
And then you may conceive the pother—
Juno, and Jupiter, and Nemesis,
The catchpole of the starry premises,
And all the gods, astonish'd, stop their ears;
At last she says, with gushing tears—
"Look at my Cupid, and conceive
How much, as mother, I must grieve—
Quite blind, and bruis'd from top to toe,
He cannot move without his crutches—
That hussy, Folly, made him so,
Would that I had her in my clutches!
Revenge me on the wicked imp,
The wretch who thus has made him limp,
Drive her from Heaven—scourge the jade with rods,
Oh! grant me vengeance—grant it quick, ye gods."
The gods then summon'd to the hall of state,
In order due deliberate—
Each fact upon the cause dependent,
Is heard from plaintiff and defendant
And all the circumstances weigh'd,
With every just allowance made,
The matter clear—the crime defin'd,
Unanimous, the gods decide—
That as 'twas plain she made him blind.
Folly should be Cupid's guide.

—

MADRIGAL FROM QUEVEDO.

See, Lisis, where the sculptor's art
Has form'd thine image of this polish'd stone,
All perfect he perform'd his part,
Which nature has not done.

Has nature form'd thy bosom white,
Lo! how the marble mocks the mountain snow!
Thy charms unrivall'd meet the sight,
And this is matchless too.

O'er thy fair cheek, that hue she spread
That hue, that flies and flushes there so oft,
She made thy lips so roseate red,
Thy lips that seem so soft.

Ah, Lisis, maid of marble heart,
Here justly art thou form'd by him alone,
For here thou seemest what thou art,
So cold—so hard—in stone.

SONNET.

By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement and farthest hill
And wood; I think of those that have no friend,
Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led
From the broad blaze of day where pleasure flaunts,
Retiring, wander mid thy lonely haunts,
Unseen; and watch the tints that on thy bed
Hang lovely, to their pensive Fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
Might rest beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery:
Ah! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams the while,
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile.

—

What Goldsmith has finely observed of the *swan*, may be applied to the symmetrical figure of a beautiful woman.

In the exhibition of her form there are no broken or harsh lines: no constrained or catching motions: but the roundest contours and the easiest transitions. The eye wanders over every part with insatiable pleasure, and every part takes new grace from new motion.

—

The operas of Bickerstaff are among the most popular of the lighter performances on the English stage. The dialogue is correct, and the music approved. The songs of Lionel and Clarissa are sung, with enthusiasm, by amateurs, and encored, with glee, by the sons of nature. The opera writers in Great Britain are generally distinguished for the spirited appropriate style, which they employ in what is called, in dramatic language, *the finale*, or concluding song of the piece. The following is an example:

Come then, all ye social pow'rs,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with bliss the present hours,
And lighten those before us.

May the just, the generous kind,
Still see that you regard 'em;
And *Lionels* forever find
Clarissas to reward 'em.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of sacred passion:
But will never come before
Those Idols, wealth or fashion.

May, like me, each maiden wise
From the fop defend her;
Learning, sense, and virtue prize,
And scorn the vain pretender.

Why the plague should men be sad,
While in time we moulder?
Grave, or gay, or vex'd, or glad,
We every day grow older.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy will quickly find us;
Drink and laugh, and dance, and sing,
And cast our cares behind us.

—

D'Israeli, describing a female delineator, has the following picturesque expressions.

'While the fair painter was occupied in descanting on the beauties of Mary and Cleopatra, she rolled on her lover two orbs of beauty so sparkling, that neither those of Mary or Cleopatra could have told more intelligently the secrets of a bosom, that *had gradually quitted its gauze.*'

—

The same writer, speaking of a waspish Welchman, introduces a pair of whimsica similes.

'He was as cold, yet as fiery as a flint from his own shire, and as offensive to society, as the smell of one of his own leeks.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In life's gay morn, young Mary's eye
With magic transport fir'd my heart;
With her I vow'd to live and die,
But cruel fortune bade us part!

Fate urg'd me to the stormy main;
I bade my blooming bride adieu!
The loud winds swell'd the watry plain:
The vessel vanish'd from her view.

She saw, she died.—Blow on ye winds!
Ye cannot now distract me more;
Dash me, where frost the ocean binds,
Or throw me on the burning shore.

Since that bright eye, that shone on me,
Clos'd, in the earth's cold bosom lies
Oh death! in kindness set me free,
To meet my angel in the skies!

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

And do I then wonder, that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature more common?
She vows to be true, and while vowing, she leaves me,
But could I expect any more from a woman?

O! woman, your heart is a pitiful treasure,
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he thought you were only materials of pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid;
But, oh! while he's blest, let him die on the minute,
If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely betray'd.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following sarcasm, from the pen of T. Moore, Esq. is well aimed at the fustian style of Della Crusa *et id genus omne.*]

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phoebus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow:
If you have seen at twilight dim,
When the lone spirits' vesper hymn,
Floats wild along the western shore;
If you have seen through mist of eve
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green
If you have seen all this—and more—
God bless me! what a deal you've seen.

—

SELECTED POETRY.

STANZAS.

BY MR. P. L. COURTIER.

So you say, that my looks now no longer convey
The language that once was to you most delighting;
This you say, but forget, at the same time to say,
How long *you* have ceased to be also inviting.

Restore me the dimple that played on the cheek,
And the eyes in mild lustre so gratefully beaming,
And the tongue, that in accents of music would speak,
When of love and of hope my fond bosom was dreaming.

Yes, be the same girl that I once could adore,
My eyes and my heart by thy beauties enchaining,
Be this! and, in conscience, I think that no more
Any cause wilt thou find for reproof and complaining.

O that time, which can reason and friendship mature,
Should the frailty of softer affection discover,
Should declare that, however important and pure,
Too vain are the sighs and the vows of the lover.

And yet, on reflection, perhaps I gave rise
To the change and the evils I thus am lamenting;
Obscur'd the sweet radiance that shone in those eyes,
And taught to that tongue the sad art of tormenting.

If so, and my girl can the truant forgive,
Who too long may her charms and her graces have slighted,
He will now do his best in contrition to live,
And be with those charms and those graces delighted.

—

CANZON.

BY CAMOENS.

[Viscount Strangford's Translation.]

'Arvore! que brando è bello,' &c.

Thou pride of the forest! whose dark branches spread
To the sigh of the south-wind their tremulous green,
And the tinge of whose buds is as rich and as red
As the mellowing blushes of maiden eighteen!

On thee may the tempest in gentleness blow,
And the light'nings of summer pass harmlessly by;
Forever thy buds keep their mellowing glow,
Thy branches still wave to the southernly sigh.

Because in thy shade, as I lately reclin'd,
The sweetest of visions arose to my view,
'Twas the noon of the soul—'twas the transport of mind—
'Twas the happiest of moments that ever I knew.

For this shalt thou still be my favourite tree,—
In the heart of the poet thou never canst fade;
It shall often be warm'd by remembrance of thee,
And the dream which I dreamt in thy tremulous shade.

—

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGESE OF CAMOENS.

[Viscount Strangford's Translation.]

Silent and slow now freshning breezes blow,
Where groves of chesnut crown yon shadowy steep,
And all around the tears of evening weep,
For closing day, whose vast orb westering slow,
Flings o'er th'embattled clouds a mellower glow;
While hum of folded herds and murm'ring deep,
And falling rills, such gentle cadence keep,
As e'en might soothe the weary heart of woe.
Yet what to me is eve, what evening airs,
Or falling rills, or ocean's murm'ring sound,
While sad and comfortless I seek in vain
Her, who, in absence, turns my joys to cares,
And as I cast my listless glances round,
Makes varied scenery but varied pain?

Extract from an Address to the 'Friends of the British Literary Fund,' on the Anniversary of the Institution, April 12, 1804.

Written and recited by W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq.

'Bless'd be the hour, when first your gen'rous care
Bade Learning hope, and Genius not despair!
As Spring's soft show'rs refresh the wint'red earth,
And give to Nature renovated birth,
So you at happy intervals appear,
The pledge and promise of a fruitful year.

'When warm with hope, in life's aspiring morn,
The tints of fancy ev'ry scene adorn;
The glowing landscape charms the scholar's view,
And youth believes the fairy prospect true!
But soon experience proves his eye betray'd,
And all the picture darkens into shade.
The noble fervour of his early days,
His thirst of fame, his love of honest praise:
All that could make his ardent mind aspire,
And kindle fair ambition's sacred fire!
Like fleeting visions of the heated brain,
Dissolve in poverty, and end in pain.
Timid—abash'd—he seeks a patron's eye—
His modest voice, half stifled with a sigh,
Can all his complicated sorrows shew,
Or tell the hist'ry of an author's woe:
The gift of eloquence in vain he tries,
Grief in his heart, and want before his eyes!
Accents on which the charm'd attention hung,
Then lose their pow'r, and falter on the tongue:
Check'd by cold looks, he hopeless turns away
And like the valley's lily shuns the day!
But you shall seek him in his lonely shade,
And, when by all deserted, bring him aid;
Raise to bright hopes, and stimulate to fame
The bard, who else had died without a name.
Unseen you bless—and what you nobly give,
Assists the press, and bids it's vot'ries live:
Let no cold policy your aid withhold,
Because some prostitute, that press for gold;
Some Proteus writers, varying with the hour
The tools of faction, or the slaves of pow'r!
Whose venal pens corruption still may buy,
To hide the truth, and propagate the lie!
For, though the letter'd garden may disclose
The night-shade mingled with the fragrant rose;
Shall we the rich and free parterre destroy,
Because some poison grows? some weeds annoy?
And while we thus a rude reform pursue,
Root up the *evil* and the *blessing* too?

The *Prince of Wales*, and the *Duke of Kent*, are members of the Society of 'Friends to the Literary Fund.'

—

EPIGRAMS.

Dick, often drunk, when crop-sick, gravely swore,
That, *whilst he breath'd*, he never would drink more;
Dick daily tipsy grows, nor perjur'd thinks
Himself, but swears *he breathes not*, *whilst he drinks*.

—

On Incledon's late Escape from Shipwreck.

The potent God, that rules the wave,
Heard 'Cease rude Boreas,' pierce the cloud,
And *quiv'ring* o'er the liquid grave,
Gave back the Syren in his *shroud*.

[*Lon. pap.*

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